

Eminem - Cleanin' Out My Closet Lyrics

Where's my snare?
I have no snare on my headphones
There you go, yeah, yo yo

Have you ever been hated or discriminated against?
I have, I've been protested and demonstrated against
Picket signs for my wicked rhymes, look at the times
Sick as the mind of the motherfucking kid that's behind

All this commotion, emotions run deep as oceans explodin'
Tempers flarin' from parents just blow 'em off and keep goin'
Not takin' nothin' from no one, give 'em hell long as I'm breathin'
Keep kickin' ass in the mornin' and takin' names in the evenin'

Leaving with a taste as sour as vinegar in their mouth
See they can trigger me but they'll never figure me out
Look at me now, I betcha probably sick of me now
Ain't you mama? I 'ma make you look so ridiculous now

I'm sorry mama, I Never meant to hurt you
I Never meant to make you cry
But tonight, I'm cleanin' out my closet
One more time

I said, "I'm sorry mama, I Never meant to hurt you
I Never meant to make you cry
But tonight I'm cleanin out my closet, ha"

I got some skeletons in my closet and I don't know if no one knows it
So before they throw me inside my coffin and close it
I'm a expose it, I'll take you back to '73
Before I ever had a multi-platinum sellin' CD

I was a baby maybe I was just a couple of months
My faggot father must've had his panties up in a bunch
'Cause he split, I wonder if he even kissed my goodbye
No I don't, on second thought I just fuckin' wished he would die

I look at Hailie and I couldn't picture leaving her side
Even if I hated Kim, I'd grit my teeth and I'd try to make it work wit her
At least for Hailie's sake, I maybe made some mistakes
But I'm only human but I'm man enough to face 'em today

What I did was stupid, no doubt it was dumb
But the smartest shit I did was take the bullets outta that gun
'Cause I'd of killed 'em, shit I would've shot Kim and them both
It's my life, I'd like to welcome y'all to the Eminem show

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Now I would never diss my own mama just to get recognition
Take a second to listen 'fore you think this record is dissin'
But put yourself in my position, just try to envision
Witnessin' your mama poppin' prescription pills in the kitchen

Bitchin' that someone's always goin' through her purse and shit's missin'
Goin' through public housin' systems, victim of Munchausen's syndrome
My whole life I was made to believe I was sick when I wasn't
'Til I grew up, now I blew up it makes you sick to ya stomach, doesn't it?

Wasn't it the reason you made that CD for me, Ma?
So you could try to justify the way you treated me, Ma?
But guess what, ya gettin' older now and it's cold when yaw lonely
And Nathan's growin' up so quick he's going to know that you're phony

And Hailie's getting' so big now, you should see her, she's beautiful
But you'll never see her, she won't even be at your funeral
See what hurts me the most, is you won't admit you was wrong
Screw this song, keep tellin' yourself that you was a mom

But how dare you try to take what you didn't help me to get
You selfish bitch, I hope you fuckin' burn in Hell for this shit
Remember when Ronnie died and you said you wished it was me?
Well guess what, I am dead, dead to you as can be!

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